

## stupid by grabmyboner

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**Summary:**

“It fucking hurts,” Billy says.

Steve snorts, “Yeah, well, that’s what you get for trying to be a big man.” He uses his other hand to grab at the side of Billy’s head, fingers locking into his hair.

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Anonymous asked:

Nurse and patient for the prompt! :)

## stupid

“Stay *still*,” Steve orders, chasing Billy’s head with a tissue as he pulls away.

“It fucking *hurts*,” Billy says.

Steve snorts, “Yeah, well, that’s what you get for trying to be a big man.” He uses his other hand to grab at the side of Billy’s head, fingers locking into his hair.

“He was talking shit!” Billy protests. He’s squinting as Steve dabs the tissue against his split brow.

“Tommy *always* talks shit!” Steve counters.

He pulls away from Billy, standing up straight and looking down at where he’s perched on the edge of the bath. Billy stares up at him frowning, his brow starting to ooze red again.

“I know, bu-”

“But what?” Steve throws the bloody tissue in the toilet and crosses his arms.

“But, he was talking shit—about *you*.”

Steve rolls his eyes and huffs out a defeated breath, “Tommy has been talking shit about me for like my whole life, it really could not bother me less at this point.”

“He shouldn’t just get to run his fucking mouth-”

Steve lets out another sigh and turns to leave, he’s tired of this *stupid* conversation. He’s tired in general. It’s midnight, he had to drag Billy back to his house after the *stupid* fight with *stupid* Tommy from some *stupid* house party he didn’t even want to go to, and now he’s arguing in his parents’ ensuite and cleaning blood off his *stupid* boyfriend’s *stupidly* pretty face.

Hands grasp at the hem of Steve’s sweater and pull him back,

admittedly a little too easily.

“Stevie-”

“Don’t jus-”

“Baby, c’mere,”

Billy turns Steve around, pulling him to stand between his spread legs. He traps Steve between his thighs and rubs his hands up his sides, riding his sweater up to expose a slither of his pale tummy. Steve keeps his arms crossed loosely as he watches Billy staring up at him.

“Bill,” Steve protests weakly.

Billy smiles up at him slyly, edging his face forward till he’s a breath away from his lips touching just above Steve’s navel.

“M’sorry,” He inches forward and presses his lips against Steve’s skin. Once, twice, and a third time, “really sorry,” he mumbles against him.

Steve is tired and his boyfriend is *stupid*. But cute.

He unfolds his arms and grabs at Billy’s face, angling it up and Billy lets his sweater drop to cover his tummy.

“You’re not sleeping in my bed if you’re still bleeding.”

Billy smiles brightly up at him and nods, taking his position as patient quietly as Steve reaches for the tissues and bandages again.

*Stupid.*